

The Library of Forbidden Pleasures Presents

THE GOOD MINOTAUR

THE ADVENTURES OF A BEAUTY AND HER BELOVED BEAST

AMANDA CLOVER

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Presents**

**THE GOOD
MINOTAUR**

**The Adventures of a Beauty and Her Beloved
Beast**

By [Amanda Clover](#)

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Introduction

One of my most popular series of books has been my *Princess to Pleasure Slave Chronicles*, which told the tale of a fantasy kingdom where monsters slaked their lust on innocent or unsuspecting women. This dark fantasy series, written with the help of Jay Aury, sometimes took unexpected turns into romance. In the case of book eleven of the Chronicles, entitled *Marked by the Minotaur*, a seemingly beastly minotaur warrior had a softer side that allowed him to fall in love with a human woman.

One of my patrons particularly enjoyed this romance and imagined what might happen if the odd couple produced a son. I thought that their son, Gren, would be an outcast from human and monster society. That the natural empathy of his parents might give him a good heart despite this hardship. My patron wanted this good heart to make Gren a protector and lover rather than a brutal killer.

The result of Gren's unusual love for Diana is the book you are now reading. A series of six linked short stories that detail the steamy love affair between a young and innocent noblewoman and her minotaur protector. With the release of this book coming so close to Valentine's Day 2023 I would like to think it is a fine celebration of romance and unusual couples.

I hope you enjoy Gren and Diana as much as I enjoyed writing their stories!

XOXO

Amanda Clover

2023

1

Pursued in the Dark

The rain pelted relentlessly on Diana Brenton. Her dress was soaked and clinging to her body. Her stockings torn and feet bare. The road was an awful mire and so Diana stumbled into the woods. She was terrified of the dark forest of Schurzwiek, but she had no choice. She had to get away.

Her breathing became ragged as she stumbled into the woods. She could hear them chasing after her. Laughing and speaking in their awful foreign tongue. What were those things? Goblins? Orcs? She didn't know creatures of such brutality. They had killed the outriders with bows and arrows and had used a huge boulder to smash into the horses drawing her carriage.

"Gods, help me," she whimpered, praying to whichever deity might listen. She was only half a day's travel from her uncle's castle. Half a day from her future husband. She did not fancy marrying family so close in blood. She had prayed that the fat old man would die before she came of age. That prayer had not been answered. Still, she would gladly marry fat old Conrad Brenton if it meant escaping these creatures.

"Come baaaack, pretty one!" cackled one of the creatures chasing her into the forest.

"We see your feet! You not go far! We make you fuck us all!"

They laughed maniacally. It sounded like a whole clan was chasing after her.

Maybe it was. After they had killed the horses, they had attacked the carriage. The drivers and her bodyguard, Warton, had fought desperately, but they had been slaughtered in the end. Buying only enough time for Diana to run away. She hadn't made it far before she heard them in pursuit.

Now, they were getting closer. The goblins could see better in the dark and with the rain the moon was hidden in the clouds. She was stumbling and tripping every few steps. More than once, she ran straight into a tree.

She could hear them panting as they chased her. Like animals. Hungry for more than her blood.

The downpour ceased just as she reached the edge of a clearing. She went skidding out into the sodden grass and fell to her knees. Moonlight broke through the clouds and caught Diana in its silvery glow. She staggered to her feet, her white dress torn, her stockings covered in mud, and her breasts heaving at the corset of her bodice.

For one moment, she thought she might have escaped. Then the cackling goblins flooded into the clearing. Five of them. Ten. A dozen. They encircled her, their spears red with the blood of her protectors. Their beady eyes leering.

Their high-pitched voices taunted her.

“Come on, pretty! No fight! We make feel good!”

“We fuck-fuck!”

“You suck shank!”

She was doomed. She knew it. But Diana was raised to stand up for herself. She was not about to rip open her bodice and offer herself to these creatures for some slim hope of mercy.

She squeezed her hands into fists as they closed in around her. She caught the first spear one jabbed at her, twisted it out of the goblin’s grasp, and knocked another on the head. They didn’t want to kill her, they wanted to have their way with her, so they stayed back.

Then one of the larger goblins shrieked impatiently and charged with a bludgeon. Diana, soaking and teary-eyed, braced her goblin spear to meet the charge. To face the blow from the goblin’s club. To die like a Brenton.

There was a loud “WHOOMP!” and a crash from the nearby tree line. The goblins yelped in sudden fear. They jabbered in their tongue as a

shadow fell across them. The figure was enormous, bigger than any man that Diana had ever met, and cloaked in an oilskin slick with rain. He was wielding a walking stick as big as a tree trunk.

He took a swing at the mass of goblins and sent three more flying into the trees. The rest shrieked in terror and ran at top speed from the clearing. Diana, exhausted and terrified, fell to her knees in the wet grass. Shivering and whimpering.

The shadow fell across her as the huge figure approached. He pulled back a hood to reveal a shocking face with the features of an enormous bull, complete with horns and brown fur, but the eyes of a man. A minotaur! A true creature of legend! Said to eat men alive and grind their bones into paste!

He began to speak in a rumbling voice, but Diana never heard what he was saying as she fainted dead away.

Shelter and Comfort

Diana's eyes opened slowly. She was dry. And warm. Near a crackling fire in a stone hearth. She was on a bed or cot. Comfortable enough that she thought she might be in her uncle's castle.

"Uncle?" she called, sitting up slowly.

"You fell hard," said a basso profundo voice that rumbled through her body. She turned away from the fire and saw a huge figure sitting on a stool beside her bed. He was enormously tall and covered in brown fur that bulged with muscles. He had two curved horns on his head and the muzzle of a massive bull. He wore a loincloth of sheepskin that could not quite cover the massive cock that dangled between his furry legs.

"What... what... who are you?" asked Diana, trembling with fear.

"I am Gren," said the huge creature, his voice deep and booming. "I guard the hills. I drive the goblins away."

She sat up and the blanket shifted from her body, exposing her large, but youthfully pert breasts. She gasped as she realized she was naked beneath the blanket and quickly pulled it back up to her chin. The beast looked at her with intelligent, even sympathetic eyes.

“You... you undressed me?”

“You were wet,” he said and pointed a massive finger towards her clothes hanging next to the hearth.

“Oh,” she said and tried to feel if she had been touched in a bad way. But she felt nothing amiss, other than scrapes and bruises from her run through the forest.

“I have soup,” said the huge creature. The steaming bowl and spoon looked tiny in his hand, but they were sized more for him. The bowl practically filled Diana’s lap as she sat on the bed. The spoon was like a ladle. The soup was warm though. Rich and meaty.

“Thank you,” she said and meant it. “I thought I was done for.”

“Goblins would not kill,” he said, his voice rumbling through her and doing strange things to Diana’s insides. “Goblins kill men. Not women. They take women back to the tribe. They use them in bad ways.”

“Yes,” said Diana, blushing deeply. “Yes, I heard them. They wanted... yes, I know.”

“Where were you going?” asked Gren.

“To my uncle’s castle in Shinnbok,” she said. “He’s Baron Brenton. Do you know him?”

“Of him,” said Gren. “Shinnbok is not far. One day walking. You rest and I will take you there in the morning.”

“Thank you,” she said and meant it again. She sipped at her soup and felt better with each swallow. Gren watched her but did not stare. He seemed almost bashful despite his huge size. That apparent shyness emboldened Diana. She asked, “Are you a minotaur?”

“Half,” said Gren. “Other half is human. Was born from a human mother.”

Diana couldn't imagine the pain of birthing what must have been an enormous baby. But the idea of a half-minotaur being born made her realize that minotaurs must be able to interbreed with humans. Her cheeks grew warm again thinking of a woman being taken by a beast like Gren. It wasn't hard for her to picture herself beneath him. Being plundered by that massive cock. But he was so gentle. Would he really plunder?

She looked again at that dangling cock. Its flattened brown head. Its thick shaft spotted pink and dark brown.

Gren cleared his throat. Snorted through his bull's nostrils. He had caught her staring. Her face grew very hot as the half-minotaur studied her.

"You are curious?" he asked.

"Huh? Oh! No." Diana shook her head vehemently.

"I will show you if you wish," he said, standing up and towering over her. "There is no shame in you seeing my body."

"I don't... I mean... I was just..."

Gren reached down to his loincloth and slowly untied the knot that held it around his waist. Diana found she could not speak as the minotaur's huge hands worked open the sheepskin and revealed the spotted length of his enormous bovine cock. Diana's breath caught in her throat at the size of it. The enormous bollocks like two eggs of some great bird in a hairless dark brown sack.

"You may touch it if you wish," said Gren, and he came closer to her on the bed. The thick hose of his cock swung gently with his movement.

She could smell it. Not foul at all, but a thick and musky scent. Like a man who has just come in from laboring bare-chested.

"Go on," said Gren, hanging his cock so close to her face that even in the dim glow of the firelight she could see the bulge of veins beneath the skin.

"Al-alright." Diana felt a rush of excitement as she reached her small hand out to Gren's massive cock and slowly grasped his shaft just beneath the flattened head.

Gren let out a soft grunt of, "Mmm."

Without thinking, Diana reached out with her other hand to completely encircle his shaft with her grasp. Two hands working together. Slowly sliding up the dangling hose of cock and feeling her fingers brush against the weight of his bollocks.

A thought came to her like a thief stealing into a dark house.

“I do owe you, sir,” she said, her voice small and husky with this strange desire. “You saved me from a terrible fate. Shall I repay you now?”

Who was this person? Not the daughter of a Duke. How could she speak such a thing to such a creature?

“I ask nothing of you for the aid I have given,” said Gren.

Diana’s hand moved down his dangling shaft. Back to the tip. She could feel the increasing pulse of the minotaur through his flesh. His cock beginning to slowly stiffen. To rise.

“Bring it closer,” whispered Diana.

Gren took another step closer. His cock in her face. His scent seeming to reach from her nose down into her core. She ached for him. For this beastly cock.

“Be careful, Diana Brenton,” rumbled the minotaur. “Once it rises, it must be tamed.”

“Oh? Will you let me tame it?”

“I promise you I will,” said Gren. “But we must be careful. Such a thing might hurt such a delicate girl.”

“Oh, gods,” moaned Diana, letting her towel slip as she pressed her body against his cock. The heat of it rising against her cheek. Her breasts cradling the shaft. Her nose to the throbbing, stiffening shaft. Her tongue slid out without conscious effort. She tasted that clean, bare flesh. Tasted him as she slid her mouth to his tip.

Tasted the oily liquid that gathered at his flattened crown. Licking that up made the minotaur groan deeply.

He reached down and wrapped her in his arms. Pulled her to his face. So bestial and yet so handsome. His kiss smothered her mouth and his

tongue met hers. She cried out against him, yielding to his every desire as he bore her across the small cave and to a bed more suited for his size.

He lay down upon it with her in his arms like some doll. Dwarfed by his muscular immensity. Her body naked and exposed and flushed with her desire to feel him.

Her legs parted and he set her down so that her cunny pressed against his shaft and slowly bent it towards his muscular abdomen. He groaned as her weight came to rest upon his cock. As he, perhaps, felt her leaking nectar.

She certainly felt the heat and throbbing of his cock in her virgin cove.

“You will be... my first,” she whispered.

“My sweet Diana,” rumbled the minotaur, slipping his huge hands up to cradle the softness of her breasts. “It is my honor to be so. Take me at the pace of your comfort. I will not be rough.”

She peered down into those soulful brown eyes and she began to move. Rocking her hips. Sliding her slick cunt against his shaft. Faster with the urgency of her lust. The pleasure building until she could not bear it any longer. She had to have that magnificent cock inside her.

She could not kneel to take it. She had to stand on the bed astride his hips and his cock slowly lifted of its own arousal. She sat her cunny back upon the flattened, pre-slicked tip. Gren groaned, bracing her waist so she did not fall and hurt them both. Her weight slowly pressed. Her folds, so tight and slick, began to open to his blunt cockhead.

She gasped as she felt her cunt yawning wide for him. Pain from the tightness of it. Fullness from the very first. Sliding into her. Impaling her inch by glorious, throbbing inch.

“Ohhhhh, Gren,” she moaned, easing down onto him. Lower. Lower. Taking him until her thighs began to shake. Until she felt him against her womb. There was no blood. She had lost her maidenhead during a rough game with one of her sisters. But the pain was exquisite. Almost surgical.

“Easy now, sweet Diana,” murmured Gren. “The pain will pass.”

And it did. The sharpness of it becoming an ache. Becoming numbness. Becoming... taut pleasure. Slowly, so very slowly, she began to move. It was easy despite her awkward stance, for Gren's hands supported almost her full weight. She slid up to his tip and down again, taking more on the second stroke. More on the third. Until finally she was able to ride down to her knees atop him. Still kneeling high but feeling accomplished. Smiling at him and catching her breath.

“Good?” she panted.

“Good,” rumbled his reply.

He moved his hands slowly to cradle her firm little bottom. Squeezing her and appreciating her youthful ripeness. She was of age now. Of age and this would not be her uncle's chance. Oh, no, her uncle would follow the biggest, most magnificent cock that had ever been wrought in flesh.

“Gods,” she gasped, moving atop him. Her body following a path of pleasure as old as time. Her small clit rubbing and experiencing each ridge and throbbing vein of his cock. His slickness spreading inside her. Adding to her own. Faster. Breasts bouncing. Smiling down at him as her pleasure built.

Warmth stoked to fire. Burning, feverish heat deep in her core. Radiating outward and pulsing from her clit.

“Yesssss!” she cried.

She could feel Gren as well. His cock somehow growing even thicker. His body tensing. His hands squeezing tighter against her ass.

“I think... it's... happening,” gasped Diana, knowing by the welling elation inside her that she was nearing some peak never climbed before.

“My beautiful girl,” rumbled Gren. “I join you. I join... join youuuuuu!”

His last word became a savage, bestial bellow. She cried out, throwing back her shoulders and head as she began to cum. As she rode

down as hard as her body would allow onto that glorious cock. She felt the starburst of pleasure inside her body and then she felt Gren's cock begin to buck.

His eruption struck her with the force of a geyser. Hot seed pumping into her and flooding every secret place within her cove. Spurt after massive spurt that overflowed and drenched her depths. Pouring in hot, musky trickles down her thighs. Dripping onto his bollocks and smearing her quivering cunt. Such a filthy eruption only added to her peak of pleasure. Prolonged it.

Finally, both spent in their ecstasy, she collapsed atop him. His cock sliding free of her stretched cunt. His oily seed poured out. Her body shuddered atop his furry chest. He stroked her and held her there. She turned his face to his and offered up her lips.

His kisses were gentle. Tender.

"I never want to go back. I... want to stay here," she whispered. "With you."

"Then you shall," was all he said and those words filled her with incredible happiness.

2

Captured by Love

Diana awoke to the singing of the birds. Fresh, warm summer air breezed into the cave and stirred the blankets and Diana long hair that spilled across the bed. She turned over and reached out for Gren. Her arm fell instead on an empty bed, the straw mattress deeply indented from the weight of his massive minotaur body.

“Gren?” she rasped, lifting her head slowly.

She could still feel him inside her. That magnificent, giant minotaur cock stretching her and bulging her tummy until she felt as if her body was just an extension of his. Rising and falling in his powerful grasp. Pressing against his muscles and cumming again and again on that enormous pillar of cock until finally, with a snort and a bestial roar, Gren had once more filled her with his hot seed. The smell of it clung to her body. She could still feel it dried to her loins. She tested her cunt with two fingers and felt the thickness of his seed.

“Ew,” she said, sniffing at her fingers. “I need a bath.”

She hopped out of bed and pulled a loose-fitting gown on over her naked body.

“Grennnnnn!?” she called out, but still did not receive an answer.

She felt a moment of dizzying fear. Her mind flashed back to that bloody attack by the goblins many days ago and she wondered if the horrible beasts might have done something to Gren. Then she noticed that his hunting bow was missing from the cave and felt relief. He had gone hunting. That was all.

While Gren was out, Diana tended to the den. To call it a cave was not quite accurate. Gren had clearly lived in it for many years and had chiseled away at the stone to make shelves and rooms. He had hung curtains over doorways to create privacy and over the weeks of Diana’s stay with him he had brought her a whole chest full of clothing.

She bathed in the nearby hot spring and wrapped her shapely young body in a towel as she looked through the chest. There was rarely a reason to wear clothes in the cave. It was warm and she enjoyed being naked and free around Gren.

But as she looked over formal gowns, work clothes, and pantaloons, she came across a small box containing lace and silk. She lifted the box out and revealed fine Orleanian white lace forming a sheer corseted bodice, panties, and garter along with a pair of white silk stockings.

“Why would he have these?” wondered Diana, holding them up to her body and realizing they were sized perfectly for her burgeoning curves. Her excitement grew as she looked at the comparison in the piece of polished silver that served as Gren’s mirror. Not only did everything look like it would fit, it also looked like it would suit her.

A thrilling idea struck her then. She would surprise Gren when he returned. She would wrap her body in this fine Orleanian lace and present herself to him.

Dressing took longer than she expected. Everything had to be exactly right and she no longer had a servant to help her. She tightened the garters until they dimpled her ample thighs and cinched the corset until her soft breasts were squeezed to their utmost.

She already had pots of makeup and perfume given as gifts from Gren. She painted her lips and shaded her eyes. She spritzed her body with sweet-smelling perfume and turned before the mirror, marveling at the way she looked like a highly priced courtesan of Thoulon. She even slicked back her short blond hair in the manner of those women.

Gren returned sometime later, his heavy footfalls and grunting announcing his arrival. He had dragged the carcass of some beast up to the cave and spent an annoyingly long time preparing a smoke fire to preserve the meat. By the time he entered the cave, Diana had nearly fallen asleep.

“Hmmm? Diana?” he grunted, looking around the cave.

She hid beneath the heavy furs on the bed, waiting for him.

“Are you there?” he parted the curtains to look for her.

Her heartbeat quickened as his hooves clomped over to the bed. She felt him looming above her.

“Are you well, Diana?” he grunted, standing over the bed and nudging her with his knee.

She threw back the cover and arched her body to present herself in all her beauty to him. A luxurious morsel of femininity, wrapped in lace and bound in her corset and garter. Her legs in sheer silk and her round bottom threaded with the flimsiest lace thong. She rolled on the bed as he stared in amazement, then she got to her knees and climbed his body using his muscles as handholds.

“Diana!” he laughed, catching her bum in his huge hands and holding her against him. “Where have you found this costume?”

“In the chest,” she said. “Now sit down, Gren. I want to show you something.”

“HMMMMM,” he grumbled. “Alright.”

He sat down on the edge of the bed, his furry legs parted and the bulge of his loins swelling in the ragged trousers he had taken to wearing.

“This is not necessary,” rumbled his deep voice.

“Oh, yes, it is,” giggled Diana as she began to move before him. Her years of etiquette and schooling had not been without their intimate lessons. One was the dance of the betrothed, meant to be performed on her wedding night to her husband. She moved to a rhythm heard only in her own mind, her hips rolling and her flat abdomen showing beneath the lace corset. She turned, arching her back and showing off the roundness of her ass and the way the lace threaded between her cheeks.

Gren grumbled with lust, watching her movements with his dark eyes hidden in the shadows of his heavy brow.

“Diana...”

She ignored him, moving faster to her internal rhythm, reaching the culmination of the dance as she began to breathe heavily. She pressed against him, arching her back, her bottom in his lap and one arm curled around his powerful neck. She could feel the bulge of his hardness. The

pillar of her “husband” swelling against her bottom. She pressed down against it, bucking her hips, letting him feel the softness of her quim.

“I cannot bear it!” snorted Gren and he suddenly picked Diana up, lifting her over his shoulder before hurling her down onto the bed. One big tug yanked open the corset. Another tore the panties from her thighs and popped the straps of the garter. Diana squealed with shock, Gren above her, panting, his nostrils flaring. She had never seen him in such a state.

“W-what’s wrong, my love?” she asked, batting her lashes as she looked up at him.

“Wrong? That my cock is not sheathed in your cunt!” he snarled and tore his trousers from his body with a loud rip of cloth.

His massive bovine cock swung free, jutting immensely above her and already dripping with precum. Diana shrugged out of her split corset and reached for that massive pillar of cock, but Gren knocked her hands away.

“That time has passed,” he said. “It is time now for mating.”

Her dance had worked all too well. She had not simply aroused Gren, she had put him in full mating rut. His cock twitching. His brow furrowed. His nostrils practically blowing out clouds of steam.

“W-wait, Gren, please,” she said, backing away from the bed. “Calm down a little. I-I’m not ready for—”

“Time now for mating!” he thundered and grabbed her ankles. He pulled her closer and spread her legs wide. His huge body moving atop her as he gripped his shaft in one hand and guided it to Diana’s slick cunny.

His strength was incredible. He pushed Diana’s feet almost back to her head and rubbed the hot weight of his cock against her slick folds. She was aching for him, but also afraid of him. He had become a beast like never before.

“Please,” she whimpered.

“Mating!” bellowed Gren and he drew back his hips, let the flattened head of his cock catch against her cove, and rammed forward with the force of a charging bull.

Diana was driven down into their bed as Gren's massive cock impaled her slick cunt. She felt a momentary flash of excruciating pain followed by the slowly numbing sensation she had experienced during their first time together. Her abdomen bulged and stretched around him. If his first thrust nearly broke her, then his second and third stirred and rearranged her insides. She could feel him beating against her womb. Against her organs. Pounding and pumping into her like some immense piston.

"Ooohhhhhgggghhhh," she groaned, her head lolling back with the shock of being so thoroughly filled.

In those moments, Gren did not seem to care anything about her discomfort. He hammered his huge cock into her, relentless and driven by his bestial lust. His heavy bollocks swung against her ass and his massive cock hilted inside Diana's stretched cunt with each stroke.

Diana's heavy breasts bounced and swayed with the force of Gren's thrusts until he pressed her legs back so far that her knees were pinning her breasts in place. His force and weight folded her body in half. His lust pounded her down into the bed until, with a sudden rising force, she began to cum. It felt to Diana as if her entire body was rippling and clenching around that huge cock. A rolling spasm that gripped his entire length. Her eyes rolled in her head. Her mouth hung open in a wordless moan of ecstasy.

Faster and faster, he slammed his cock into the molten depths of her loveliness. Her soft human body was near the breaking point beneath him as he snorted and snarled. She felt his cock swelling. His bollocks tightening. His weight bearing down on her with crushing force.

"Gren!" she choked out, but her massive lover wasn't listening.

"MATING!" he bellowed and snorted and drove deep again and again until his cock seemed to double inside her. With a long roar of pleasure, the mighty minotaur finally unleashed his pent seed.

"Grennnnn!" cried Diana, feeling the hot rush of his cum.

Oily spunk gushed into Diana like an undammed river. It flooded her womb and spurted out of her cunt around Gren's thrusting cock. She gasped as she felt the overflow spurting down the crack of her ass and

drenching their bed. The size of his massive cock ensured she felt each pulsating pump of cum. Each spasm of his climax.

But Gren had only just begun. He drew back his hips and let his cock slip from her cum-drenched cunny with a loud slurp. Trapped spunk poured out of Diana's gaping cunt. She whimpered and squirmed in the slimy pool of it on their bed. Gren took hold of her hip in one big hand and turned her over. Onto her hands and knees. Her face down in the bedding and her ass raised up as he lifted her hips higher.

"Mating," he grunted through his heavy, snorting breaths. Gren slapped the wet length of his cock, semi-flaccid now, against Diana's ass. He slithered his fat hose up and down her crack and dragged his veiny beefsteak over her twitching asshole. She felt ruined by his first fucking, but he clearly wasn't done.

"MMMMMMMMnnnnnn," she moaned into the bedding, her fingers twisting in the cum-stained sheets.

Gren grabbed the back of Diana's head, using it for leverage as he pressed her face down into the bedding. His cock slithered down her crack and rubbed at her gaping, cum-drenched cunny. She mewled into the sheets, her breath hot and smothering as Gren teased his cock up and down her entrance. She tried to tell herself she was ready for him. That she could take him again.

Then Gren slid his cock higher, his flared tip bulling its way between her cheeks and the weight of his thrust finding the little pink knot of Diana's asshole.

"Hnnnnnnn!" she cried, tensing and clenching.

Gren didn't care. His cock certainly did not care. He thrust forward, his hips driving his cock against her delicate divot. Forcing it open. Pushing slickly past the tight ring of her asshole. Stretching her and opening her wide around the fat fist of his cockhead. Plunging, cum-smeared and throbbing, into the quivering depths of Diana's bowels.

She never imagined it possible but it was happening. The full length of Gren's massive minotaur fuckpole thrust into her ass and drew back out again. Her straining ring trembled against him. He thrust again,

hips spanking against her, cock plundering deep into her asshole. She whined into the sheets, drooling on them and barely able to think as her whole life resolved around that massive tree trunk of cock impaling her asshole.

Gren was slower this time, but no less forceful. He pulled back, slithering and sliding out of her ass, then ramming back into her again. Balls slapping her cunt. Thrust by thrust, minotaur cock becoming her whole world as it straightened out the tangle of her insides. His weight bore down on her. His thrusts growing more intense as his muscular, furry body seemed to imprison her. He threw back his head, snorting and bellowing like a wild beast.

“MATING! MATIIIIIIING!” he roared.

Despite all the rutting and all the cum, somehow the garter and stockings stayed on Diana. Even as he pounded her down into the straw-filled mattress. Even as an intense orgasm gripped her body.

She could hardly believe that she was cumming while her frenzied minotaur lover fucked her ass. Her reamed rear squeezed around his thrusting cock. Her empty, gaping cunt drooling cum down her thighs and between her knees onto the bed. Gren bellowed again, slamming into her, and she felt his cock swelling. Growing. It felt as if he might turn her inside out on each backstroke.

Then he was cumming and the hot, liquid pressure of his pumping spunk flooded into her bowels. Flowing inside her like a hot, slimy enema. Overflowing his cock. Gushing raunchily out of her stretched asshole. He pulled out mid-orgasm and let his cum spray her back. Painting her neck, shoulders, and pooling his spunk in the small of her back.

Finally, Gren let her collapse onto the bed. Both holes stretched wide from his deep fucking. Cum pouring out of her pussy and ass. Coating her thighs. Her bottom. Her trembling legs.

She turned over, despite the discomfort, and smiled up at him.

“Was... was that what you desired?” she gasped, sweaty and flushed and exhausted.

“Yes,” said Gren, his massive chest heaving with exertion. “You are my mate. I mated you.”

He scooped her into his arms, not caring of her filthy state as he nuzzled her neck and kissed her. His long bovine tongue invading her mouth. His hands so firm and yet reassuring as they cradled her naked body. She could barely keep her eyes open, but she felt safe in his arms. Kissing him. Her trembling body slowly relaxing back to normal. Her cunt squeezing tighter and her ass returning to its clenched state.

“So beautiful,” growled Gren. “You made me lose control.”

“It was what I wanted,” she gasped. “What... I needed.”

“Rest now,” said Gren, laying her down on the bed. He took the filthy sheet from under her and brought a fresh blanket. He covered her and kissed her forehead.

Even though it was sometimes rough, Diana knew the good minotaur had given her what she most deeply desired: love.

3

Scratching the Itch

“We are not abandoning our house,” said Gren, packing the last bundle of herbs into the corner of the cave. “We are escaping our enemies.”

“You mean the fleas, right?” Diana swatted at one of the little black fleas jumping onto her leg.

“Forgive me, my love,” said Gren twisting the fuses of the herbs together. “The little pests get into my fur sometimes when I sleep in the woods. I think the wolves give them to me. But a few days of herb smoke and they will be gone.”

Diana squinted at Gren’s furry back. She could see a hint of dark movement.

“What about the ones in your fur?”

“You will have to help me with the special fire root shampoo,” said Gren, holding up a bottle he had purchased from some wild witch in the wood.

“A flea dip?” Diana sniffed at the bottle and jerked her head away as the strong fire root smell stung her nostrils.

“Yes, but this is a picnic,” said Gren. “A campout. I will build a fire and we will sleep under the stars. I will hold you against me and we will make love by the moonlight.”

“Smelling like fire root?” she said, handing him the potion.

“Smelling like fire root,” he said with a shrug.

Diana wasn’t particularly happy about it, but Gren’s optimism pushed her out of the cave with a bundle of camping equipment on her back. They watched as the herbs were lit and began to fill the cave with pungent smoke.

“So where is this campsite?” asked Diana.

“Not far,” said Gren. “Just a few hours of walking.”

That sounded far to Diana, who did not stray much from the cave. She felt put upon and was crabby with Gren. But her annoyance with him eased when they finally arrived at the campsite Gren had picked out for them. It was a clearing bounded on one side by lush forest and on the other by a crystalline pool fed by a waterfall churning white over a nearby rock formation. The spray from the waterfall caught in the afternoon sunlight and formed a shimmering rainbow in the air over the falls.

“My goodness,” said Diana, walking to the edge of the pool. “It’s beautiful.”

“I knew you would think so,” said Gren, hugging against her and wrapping an arm around her from behind. “The water looks cold, but it is actually quite warm this time of year.”

“Good,” said Diana. “Let’s get you shampooed so I can stand to be in your arms again.”

She shucked off her blouse, freeing her pert breasts and stiff pink nipples. Gren rumbled with desire and reached for her, but she danced away, brandishing the potion in one hand, and using the other to strip down the hide trousers she had stitched from pelts. She bared her pale legs and blushing cunny with its soft tuft of wild golden hair. Then she backed into the pool, gasping softly as the warm water enveloped her.

Gren grinned, stripping off his loincloth and freeing the dangling length of his minotaur cock from its confinement. Diana could not help but stare at that swinging metronome of fuckmeat as she backed deeper into the pool. How many nights of pleasure spent with that huge cock inside her? It still shocked her each time Gren impaled her on his thick pillar. She was growing hotter by the second as she waded to her chin in the water.

Gren followed, splashing after her, until they met near the waterfall and the big minotaur lifted her towards his damp, furry chest and planted a kiss on her lips. Even after spending weeks with Gren, it was still a bit awkward to kiss him. His tongue was so big. His kiss so overpowering. His face so like a bull with human eyes. But she yielded her lips to him and moaned as they embraced.

Then, with a pop of the cork, she began to shampoo him. Gren grunted and watched as she circled him and massaged the fireroot potion into his fur. His fur was short, thick, and coarse as a boot brush. She worked her fingers into it and spread the foam of fireroot thoroughly. Gren grunted with pleasure. When he was good and lathered, the huge minotaur stepped beneath the crashing falls and washed himself clean. He returned to her, his fur shimmering and lustrous, and the fleas completely gone.

“I suppose it is just one of those things I will have to learn to live with being the mate of a minotaur,” said Diana.

“No, my lovely,” chuckled Gren. “No more sleeping in the forest for me. No more playing with the wolves.”

He picked her up and kissed her again. She felt his cock stirring against her thighs, but instead of towards the shore he carried her under the waterfall. Into the crashing water that drenched her hair and thundered around them. She sputtered and lost her footing and went under the water. She came up several feet away, sore at him for subjecting her to the waterfall. Pouting as she left the pool. She knew he was watching her swinging hips and her peachy bottom as she stepped into the grass.

Gren made it up to her that afternoon. He snared rabbits and roasted them on a spit. He cooked potatoes and a sweet, mushy vegetable he called a sarbot. After supper, they sat by the campfire. She nestled in his arms. His fur finally dry. Naked against him and contented.

But Gren was more than contented. As they sat by the glow of the fire, beneath the starlit sky, he slipped a huge hand down over Diana’s breasts and let it settle between her legs. She parted her thighs and looked up at him as his big fingers teased over the soft pelt of her cunt.

“What are you doing, Gren?” she murmured, her head and shoulders leaned back against his towering body.

“Mmmmmm, I thought I felt something wet,” he said, teasing a single finger along the length of Diana’s cunny. “Yes. It’s very damp.”

She sucked in a breath as he pushed one thick finger into the hot cove of her cunt. He thrust his digit deep and she tensed against him, hands on his thighs, feeling his cock pressing against her back. She tried to speak,

but he added another finger. Each as thick as a man's cock. Plunging together into her cunt. Ready for his massive minotaur cock.

"Ohhhhhhh, Gren," she sighed, her soft breasts shuddering as she pressed against him. Her inner walls tight against his thrusting fingers. Faster. Deeper. Curling inside her and pressing against that spot his cock always managed to find when he took her from behind.

She leaned her head against him, looking up at his bestial face as she began to cum. Her fingers squeezing tight against his powerful legs. Cunt gripping his fingers, but unable to slow their pumping motion into her slick pussy. She cried out, wordlessly, and Gren bent his muzzle to her and planted a kiss on her lips. Smothering her moans. Silencing her with his thick, forceful tongue thrusting into her mouth.

The last spasms of pleasure shook Diana's body. She was ready for him then, but not ready to yield so easily to his desire. She wanted Gren to know that she could be just as forceful. She slipped from his grasp, turning on her hands and knees with the devil in her sparkling eyes.

"Why do you look at me like this?" rumbled Gren, reaching for his mighty cock and grasping it with one hand.

"You are a brute," she said, crawling closer to that throbbing pillar of flesh. She let her breasts drag across the flattened tip of his cock. She felt the oily warmth of his precum smear her tits. She grasped his fat shaft with one hand. Then both hands. Leaning her body against the underside of his cock. "You like to take whatever you want from me?"

"I am gentle," rumbled Gren, sounding almost offended.

"Forceful," she said, pumping her hands slowly on his cock. Using his precum to lubricate her breasts. "Pounding those fingers into me. Thrusting that tongue into my mouth."

"You like it," said Gren.

"Yes," admitted Diana, "but I can also take what I want."

"Oh? And what do you want, my love?" Gren's bestial face broke into a smile.

Diana answered him by sliding her body down his cock and planting a soft kiss on Gren's twitching tip. Pleasure rumbled from the mighty minotaur as his lovely human bride began to lick and kiss the head of his cock. Stroking him and brushing her parted lips back and forth against his sensitive tip. She used her entire body to stimulate him. She writhed and pressed against his shaft, pumped her hands along his length, and opened her mouth wide enough to fit the very tip of his cock past her lips.

"Mmmmmmm!" she moaned, her brow furrowed with effort and her tongue flicking at his salty slit. His pre and Diana's drool spilled down over her fingers. This lubricated her fingers more, making it easy for her hands to slide up and down his cock.

She knew Gren was in heaven. He had to appreciate his beautiful bride kneeling and pressing against his cock. Lavishing his minotaur manhood with her kisses and licks and soft, sweet sucks. Her hands working eagerly. Her breasts smothering his cock. Her whole body bouncing on her knees as she excitedly pleased him. She could hear that pleasure in his deepening breaths.

"Ohhhhhh, my dear," he rumbled as his bollocks began to tighten. "You had best stop or I might drown you with what is to come."

"Oh, my love, but I want it," panted Diana. "Drown me in your hot seed, Gren. I would drink my fill and bathe in your cum."

"Then... you shall," groaned the minotaur, pressing her face back down to the blunt head of his huge cock.

"Mmmmpmm!" cried Diana, struggling to fit the massive bell end of his cock into her mouth. It squeezed past her lips and nearly felt like it might dislocate her jaw. Then she recovered and took him deeper. Until his cock was at the back of her throat. Tickling her tonsils. Her tongue pressed firm beneath his shaft. Her eyes watering as she struggled and managed to suck. Her spit drooling down his shaft and dripping from his huge bollocks.

"Diana," he groaned, his thick fingers tightening in her hair. "Diannaaaaa!"

Her name became a bellowed roar that echoed from the rocks around the waterfall. The night seemed startled by the sound and even the stars twinkled brighter in Diana's tear-fogged vision.

Diana gave her mate a last suck that strained every muscle in her mouth and felt his cock throb in reply. It twitched. It bucked. Hot minotaur cum burst in a salty torrent that overwhelmed her. It stuffed her sinuses and poured down her throat. She swallowed again and again, feeling that hot pulsating muscle move against her lips and tongue. Tasting the thick broth of his bollocks. Seemingly endless. Swelling her tummy with his pleasure.

His bellow trailed off and, at last, he released her head and let Diana up for air. She gasped and coughed, sliding his still-stiff pillar from her mouth. Cum dripping to her breasts. Tears tracking down her face.

"Did I hurt you, my love?" asked Gren with concern in his voice. He cupped her cheek and looked down at her.

"No," she rasped. "No, I just worry that such a, um, plentiful discharge of your seed might leave you drained. And unable to perform."

"You need not worry, my lovely beauty," rumbled Gren, lifting her into his arms and pressing a kiss to her lips. He did not seem to care that his own flavor might intrude. His kiss was passionate. His tongue overpowering.

He pressed Diana back into the soft grass and kissed her ample breasts. His tongue moving slowly around and over her stiff nipples. She clung to his massive head and horns as he moved lower. As he licked slowly between her legs. A tongue as wide as a hand trowel. Firm and wet and dragging her cuntlips. Tasting her sweetness.

"Oohhhhhh, Gren," cried Diana, always slightly embarrassed and blushing deeply when Gren licked her there. His tongue did not discriminate. It reached lower and curved beneath her, tasting her freshly cleaned ass. Lapping between her cheeks and then dragging up across her cunt once more. He pressed her legs wide, grasping them at her knees as he rose to his own knees. Towering over her. She reached for his cock and he pushed her hands away.

“I will satisfy you, my love,” he said, taking hold of that massive pillar of throbbing flesh. She lifted her head from the soft grass to watch him play his heavy cock over her cunt and onto her abdomen. So huge. So much of him. She moaned as she felt his pulse throbbing along the underside.

“Ohhh, please,” moaned Diana.

“You need it, don’t you, my love?” growled Gren.

“Yes,” gasped Diana breathlessly. “Yes, claim me, Gren. I am yours. Do with me what you wish.”

Fortunately, he wished to do the same thing that Diana wanted him to do. Pushing her legs back until her knees were nearly against her breasts and guiding his fat cockhead to her slick pink furrow. She bit her lip and held her breath as that hot cock caught at her entrance. He pressed. He let his weight force his cock inside her.

Pushing. Pushing. Then opening her up. Gliding into her tight cove. A massive log of hot flesh. A spear with a blunt head. Plowing into her. Impaling her until she felt him against her womb.

She was wordless. Breathless. Almost ready to scream with the fullness of him inside her. Taking her to her limit and then drawing back again. Thrusting in and drawing back again. Faster. He built a rhythm. His powerful muscles controlling her movements as his cock plundered her and his huge bollocks swung against her ass.

“My lovely flower,” growled Gren, “how your petals open to me.”

“Ohhhh, yes, my love,” cried Diana. “Yes! My petals! Ah! Squeezing you! Needing you! AHHHHH!”

She gave in to the plunging pleasure of his thrusts. Her body did belong to him in those moment. Each stroke sending a rippling wave of ecstasy through her body. Her breasts heaving. Her mouth opened wide in a wordless cry.

She arched on the grass beneath him as he moved faster. Thrust harder. Gren pounded into her pussy and she could sense his approaching climax.

“Cum for me!” she managed to gasp through her own spasms of bliss. “Cum inside me, my love!”

Gren’s bellow put his last to shame. A howl that shook the tries. That overwhelmed the waterfall. He buried his cock. He hilted it inside her and seemed to open her womb. Powerful throbbing explosions of pleasure met Diana’s continuing climax and she felt that hot minotaur cum jetting into her. Spurt after spurt until she was overflowing. Until her thighs were drenched in his seed.

At last, he pulled her atop his muscular body. His cock still inside her as he held her tightly. Together, catching their breath, they looked up at the stars.

And Diana began to move atop him.

4

Bunny Trouble

The minotaur was asleep. Sometimes he would sleep a full day and no amount of prodding, poking, shouting, kissing, or licking would wake him up.

Diana had once tried to suck Gren's huge minotaur cock until he woke up and all he did, after a seeming eternity of stroking and slurping, was grunt once and cum in Diana's mouth. She'd made a sputtering mess of it all, gagging and staggering around with minotaur cum dripping from her chin. Gren just kept snoring as his cock twitched and dripped out long pearly strands of his jizz. It had been such a mess to clean up.

As much as Diana admired that big cock bulging under the blanket, she was not about to make the same mistake again. Gren would sleep through whatever she could do to him and her reward would be slimy tidal wave that she would have to towel off him and herself. Not to mention she would have to wash all the bedding again.

Still, staring at that big bulge made her cunt ache with need. She had been with Gren for months and she still could not get enough of him.

"Maybe I could ride him until he woke up," she said to herself, picturing herself astride his sleeping minotaur body. Her pink peach of a pussy impaled on his big beastly cock. Oh, she'd enjoy that to be sure. Diana laughed and shook her head. "Get a grip on yourself, Di. The big stud is not your personal pleasure toy. Better get some fresh air before you do something truly perverted."

Her lecture to herself worked. She donned a flimsy gown that clung to her toned body and ample curves, planted a kiss on Gren's furry forehead right between the roots of his horns, and set off from the cave she shared with him.

Her original idea was to go to the wild mulberry bushes by the nearby stream, but a flock of piebald sparrows had eaten every single

mulberry and were chirping away merrily in the branches of several nearby trees.

“Flying rats,” said Diana. “I might have baked Gren a tart!”

Apples weren’t in season yet and what was ready in Gren’s garden had already been dug up over the past few days. That left foraging for the rare but deliciously meaty mushrooms that grew in the shadow of the low cliffs and rock faces. Gren had warned Diana that there were rock goblins and sometimes solitary lizardfolk in the caves. She had no plans of going in any of them and she doubted either would attack a human in broad daylight.

She was armed with only a walking stick and her basket for picking mulberries as she crossed the stream and walked to the western edge of the tree line. There, the forest thinned and gave way to low but very steep cliffs pockmarked with caves. Diana gazed at those dark tunnels with a flutter of fear. Diana knew real fear though and she was not about to let her nerves discourage her from mushroom hunting.

The bright summery sun made her braver and soon she was at the base of the long cliff face, turning over rocks and checking for the large black mushrooms. She found a few smaller specimens that might be good in an omelet, then she hit a long dry period. She was tired from climbing over rocks and bending over to search beneath them and was about to give up when she spotted a mushroom as big as her head. She climbed up to the perch where it was nestled against a boulder and tore the mushroom loose from its base.

“That’ll make a meal on its own,” she marveled, turning it over in her hands. She stuffed it into the basket and decided to poke around on the ledge a little more. It was right outside a cave entrance. She glanced warily into the darkness expecting to see a rock goblin. The thought gave her a shiver as she remembered the forest goblins trying to catch her and do terrible things to her.

Diana bent over to turn over some loose rocks and she heard a soft moan. A distinctly feminine moan.

She set down her basket of mushrooms and held her walking stick two-handed like a club. She moved closer to the cave entrance and tried to

hold her breath.

“Ohhhhhhhh, mmmmm, I can’t take it,” moaned a woman somewhere in the darkness.

Diana squinted and saw the faintest line of light within the darkness. As if a single candle was being kept behind a thick curtain. She shuffled into the cave a few paces and listened again.

This time, it was her nose that gave Diana a clue. A distinct, slightly musky aroma. Not a bad smell, but intimate in a way that made Diana’s face grow hot.

“Sex,” she whispered to herself. “It is the smell of a woman’s sex. Aroused and excited. What goes on in this cave?”

Diana’s curiosity got the better of her caution and she crept deeper into the darkness of the cave. The farther she walked into that darkness, the warmer it became, and the more she smelled the undeniable scent of sex. Throbbing, slippery, warm cunt. Sweaty thighs. Clenching buttocks.

“Oooooohhhh, please,” moaned the voice. “Oh, please, fuck me.”

The words were followed by a distinctive *slish-slish-slish* sound that deepened the flush in Diana’s cheeks. Was some maiden being deflowered by a lucky goblin? Was a woman offering herself to one of the lizardfolk? She had to know. She had to see who was fucking in the depths of this cave.

A heavy curtain was hung across the corridor. Around the edges of this, Diana could just make out the flickering light of a lantern or candle. She crept closer, curled her fingers into the curtain and drew it aside just enough to peer beyond the curtain.

A gasp caught in her throat at the raunchy sight that met her gaze. The woman was small and lovely and dark-haired, with her slender body folded on her hands and knees and her firm, round little bottom raised in the air. She had one hand behind her and was lewdly thrusting a glistening carrot in and out of the glistening folds of her cunt.

“Oooooohhhh,” moaned the woman, wiggling her bottom. “Ohhhh, deeper! I need it! Breed me!”

Diana was so entranced by the lewd sight that it took her several seconds to realize the woman she was watching was not human at all. There was the fluffy cotton tail just above the cleft of the woman's bottom, the long ears sticking up from her head, and, when the woman finally looked over her shoulder, the upturned pink nose somewhere between human and rabbit.

That pink nose twitched and the woman's soft, green eyes locked on Diana. The bunny girl and the lady squealed in mutual shock. The bunny girl leapt from the blanket-covered slab she was using as her bed and scampered into the corner of the chamber. She cowered fearfully, trembling and holding out the glistening carrot like it might be a weapon.

"S-stay back!" she warned.

Diana stepped into the glow of the candlelight, her diaphanous gown clinging to her ample curves and her face flushed by the raunchy scene she had just witnessed. She held up her hands to calm the frightened bunny girl.

"It's alright, I don't mean you any harm," said Diana. "Please. My name is Diana. I was just out hunting mushrooms and, well, I heard some strange sounds coming from this cave. Are you, um, are you alright? What's your name?"

"My name? I don't, well, um, yes, I do have one. My name is Petunia. That was my mom's favorite flower." She giggled and lowered the carrot. "I'm not alright though. I'm in heat. And there's nobody around to scratch my itch. Carrots can only do so much. Please. Can you help me?"

The girl suddenly bounded to her feet and came towards Diana. Petunia was disarmingly naked. Her pert breasts a bit red from rubbing on her blanket. Little pink nipples stiff and erect. Her dark-thatched cunt dripping down her slender thighs. Even standing up, the bunny girl was a head shorter than Diana and Diana was not particularly tall.

"Now, hold on," said Diana. "I'm not... what are you... hey!"

She couldn't come up with anything to say before Petunia was on her, tugging at her dress and pleading with her, "Pleeeeeease! Please, fuck

me! I need relief! Your fingers! Your tongue! You could use your toes! Or my carrot! Please, I just need to be fucked! It's driving me crazy!"

"You're tearing my skirt!" cried Diana. "Oh, alright, I will help you if you calm down!"

"Calm down after!" giggled Petunia, throwing her arms around Diana's neck and pressing a hungry kiss to Diana's lips.

The bunny girl's tongue was small and enthusiastic, darting past Diana's lips and into her mouth in hot little jabs. The slender girl pressed her perky tits against Diana's soft curves and hugged tightly. Diana instinctively caught the woman with one arm and before she could react the Petunia's fingers were working at the laces of her gown.

"Mmmmpfh! Hey... I'm not..."

"Look at these! Wow!" Petunia pulled open Diana's gown and freed the soft, creamy mounds of Diana's breasts. The bunny girl groped and squeezed them shamelessly. She pressed the soft flesh together as if fascinated by it and tugged at Diana's aroused nipples.

"Heeeeyyy!" cried Diana, finally pushing her hands away. "Those are sensitive!"

"Hee hee! Mine too!" Petunia giggled and bounced up and down on her feet, causing her breasts to jiggle. She thrust her chest forward again and rubbed the pink pebbles of her nipples up and down against Diana's larger buds. "Oooooohhh! So soft and bouncy!"

"Stop that!" cried Diana, but she had stopped fighting it and was watching what the bunny girl was doing. Each time Petunia's hard nipples dragged against Diana's, the erstwhile lady felt a hot tremor of pleasure run through her body. It grew as a heat in her core as the bunny girl giggled and jiggled and hopped, rubbing herself up and down against Diana. "Oh! That's just too much! I'll show you!"

Diana grabbed the bunny girl by her arms and pushed her back onto the slab. She fell on her back, giggling the whole way.

"Oh, yes, show me!" cried Petunia, falling backwards in a spill of slender limbs and dark hair. She parted her legs wide, shamelessly exposing

her pink pussy and the delicate knot of her asshole just above her fluffy white tail. "Come on, blondie! Show me!"

Diana wasn't sure what came over her. It was a sort of lustful fury, almost like Gren's when he got worked up. She grabbed hold of Petunia's ankles and pushed her feet back, further exposing the bunny girl's glistening cunt and parting her pink folds. Diana stroked her fingers down over that steamy groove, tickling her touch against the blushing bud of Petunia's clit.

"Ooooooh! Right there!" cried the bunny girl, grabbing her own ankles to hold her legs back by her head. "Fuuuuck me!"

"You naughty doe," laughed Diana. "Such a dirty girl!"

"Yes, I'm so bad and I need to be punished," cried Petunia, pulling on her ankles and rocking her hips trying to fuck herself with Diana's teasing fingers.

Diana was more aroused than interested in punishing the girl, but she played along. She growled and thrust two fingers easily into Petunia's hot cunny. She pumped her digits in and out, then added a third, hooking it deep into Petunia's pussy. Squelching her fingers in and out as the bunny girl gasped and squeaked with pleasure.

But Diana was only getting started. She leaned over the girl, kissing her pert breasts and running her tongue over them as she pumped her fingers into Petunia's cunt and rubbed her little knuckle against the clench of Petunia's asshole. She ran her tongue over Petunia's nipples. She kissed those buds and sucked them and made Petunia squeal with pleasure.

"Ohhhhh! I'm going to... finally... to finally cummmm!" cried Petunia, her whole body was flexing and tensing. Her inner walls clenched Diana's fingers. Her body wracked with pleasure as Diana fucked her and sucked her tits.

Petunia came, but Diana still was not finished with the trembling bunny girl. She kissed her way down the small bunny girl's quivering body and slipped her fingers out of Petunia's cunt. A moment later, she stuffed her tongue in that sweet channel. Tasting a woman for the first time. Tasting

Petunia's sweetness. The bunny girl's hot, slick honey flowing with each fresh spasm of pleasure.

"Ohhhhhh! Your tongue! It's making meeeee cummmm moreee!" shrieked Petunia. She let go of her ankles to grab the back of Diana's head with both hands. Petunia furiously bucked and squirmed and thrust her cunt against Diana's face. Diana licked and sucked and teased her slick fingers against Petunia's asshole. Something Petunia seemed to really love.

And when Diana decided to lick that asshole, Petunia went wild with pleasure. She rolled over onto her tummy and thrust her perky bottom back, offering her tight hole to Diana's tongue. Her hot cove to Diana's fingers. Her body quivering and quaking and her fluffy tail twitching against Diana's nose as Petunia began to cum again and again. Diana's eyes rolled and she touched herself as she tongue-fucked Petunia's perky bottom and finger-banged the bunny's hot cunt.

Diana's own cunt was positively dripping. Her slick folds parted against her fingers and she thrust three digits and then four into her Gren-stretched cunt.

Petunia recovered from one of her orgasms (Diana wasn't sure if it was the fifth or sixth) and seemed to perk up and realize that Diana was touching herself. The bunny girl giggled and crawled out of reach, then turned around and pounced on Diana.

There on the floor, Diana was at the bunny girl's mercy. Even when she grabbed Petunia by the ears, she could not restrain her. Petunia thrust apart Diana's ample thighs and began to lick at Diana's cunt.

"Ooooh! You taste so good! Much better than any carrot!" Petunia giggled and nuzzled between Diana's thighs. Her tongue flicking rapidly at Diana's clit. Her fingers and then her whole little fist pushing into Diana's clutching cunt.

"Ahhhhhh! I'm going to... going to... ohhHHHHH!" Diana threw back her head and tossed her golden hair.

She gave in to the wild pleasure of being fist-fucked and clit-licked at the same time. Her body quaking around Petunia's plunging little fist. Only slightly bigger than Gren's huge cock. Diana held onto the bunny

girl's head as Petunia giggled and licked and even sucked at Diana's clit. Waves of ecstasy breaking over her body. Tension releasing in a hot, gushing wave of her slick cum.

Diana slumped back onto the floor as Petunia eased her fist out of Diana's pussy and began to fastidiously lick her fingers clean.

"Mmmmmm, you are so yummy. Like honey!" Petunia giggled and then crawled atop Diana. "Where do you come from anyway?"

"Oh, not far," gasped Diana, draping an arm around Petunia and hugging the bunny girl against her breasts. She felt a strange guilt when she thought of Gren. She had just cheated on the minotaur. Would he be angry if she confessed as much to him? "I live... in a cave. Bigger than this one. Homier."

"Alone?" asked Petunia, lifting her head from the soft pillow of Diana's breast.

"Oh, no," said Diana with a smile. "I live with a minotaur."

5

The Bunny and the Bull

Finding Petunia's cave a second time made Diana realize the rabbit girl was living much closer than she had originally believed. She had thought it was many miles away, but she seemed almost like a neighbor. Diana walked in on the bunny girl pleasuring herself and Petunia cried out with delight when she saw Diana.

"You're just in time!" cried Petunia, sliding her three fingers from her pouting pussy. The rabbit girl spread her legs shamelessly. "I've been thinking of you since you left! I need more!"

"That's, um, whoa..."

Diana stared at the sexy bunny girl and her blushing cunt. It was glistening with nectar and the scent of sex hung in the air. Petunia's soft breasts rose and fell with each breath and her ears stiffened with excitement.

"Come on, Diana! I'll put my tongue wherever you want! Just help me cummmm!" Petunia tweaked her own pink nipples and twitched her cottontail beneath the crinkle of her pink asshole. "Ppppllllease! You can sit on my face!"

The invitation to perch atop the bunny girl's face while Petunia pleased her was almost good enough to distract Diana from her original intention. She shook off the temptation and sat down on the edge of Petunia's bed.

"Not right now, Petunia," said Diana. "I want you to come with me tonight. I want you to meet Gren."

"The minotaur? Ooooh. I'm afraid of minotaurs. They like to eat bunny girls."

"There's nothing to be afraid of with Gren," assured Diana. "He's as sweet as can be. And after our little, um, encounter yesterday, I was feeling a bit guilty."

“Hmmm?” Petunia rolled over onto her side and began kissing Diana’s shoulders and nuzzling against her neck. “Why is that? Because you left me behind all horny and needing to be fucked?”

“Oh, gods, Petunia, why do you have to talk like that?” giggled Diana, shrugging off the rabbit girl’s kisses.

“Mmmmm, c’mon, Diana,” said Petunia, nibbling playfully at Diana’s ear. “Let’s do it! We can do all the stuff we didn’t do last time!”

“No,” said Diana in a stern tone that startled Petunia into flattening her ears. Diana softened her tone and continued, “I want you to come with me back to the cave I share with Gren. I want you to help me make it up to him.”

“The minotaur?”

“Yes, that’s right,” said Diana. “I want to share him with you. Or you with him. Then you can get all the relief you want.”

Petunia seemingly only needed to think about the suggestion for a moment. She hopped up off the bed and wiggled her cute little ass with its puff of white tail above her cheeks.

“Ooooh! I can’t wait! A minotaur cock!” She bounced up and down, turning excitedly around and yanking Diana off the bed by her hands. “We can kiss on it and rub on it and then he can bang us both!”

“That’s the general idea,” giggled Diana.

“Ooooooh! It’s gonna be so much fun! It makes me so hot I can’t contain myself!” Petunia threw her arms around Diana and planted an enthusiastic kiss on her lips. Before Diana realized what was happening, she was tangled up with Petunia on the bed and Petunia was getting what she wanted.

A Surprise for Gren

Gren grunted as he entered the cave he shared with Diana. The huge minotaur shook a light rain from his bestial head, water dripping from

his horns and darkening the fur on his shoulders.

“Diana?” he called. “What is that smell? Are you burning incense?”

Diana covered Petunia’s mouth to keep the rabbit girl from giggling. It had taken her nearly three hours to get Petunia to stop trying to have sex with her and lure her back to the cave. Keeping Petunia occupied while they were waiting for Gren had been even harder. To the point that Petunia was practically in a frenzy of desire by the time Gren finally pushed aside the heavy curtain and stepped into the bedroom he shared with Diana.

“Diana? What are you doing in the dark in here?” He lit the lantern hanging from a hook set into the ceiling. The light spread as the flame grew and illuminated Diana and Petunia, posed together on the bed. Their bodies completely naked as both women reclined among the furs.

Gren’s eyes widened.

“Hello, my love,” purred Diana, sitting up. “I ran into someone while I was out and I thought I would invite her back for some vegetable stew. Then we got to talking and Petunia here said she would like to meet ____”

“That giant cock,” giggled Petunia, crawling on her hands and knees to the edge of the bed, twitching her cottontail, and staring at Gren’s bulging loincloth. “Diana said it was big, but I want to see it for myself! Show it to me! Pleeeeease!”

Gren blinked slowly. He looked from Diana to the slender young bunny girl and back again as if seeking some sort of permission. It was easy for Diana to see his interest. It was growing bigger by the moment beneath his tented loincloth.

“Rabbit girl is dangerous, Diana,” rumbled Gren. “Rabbit girls want sex too much. And have too many babies. Some places they are... what are you doing?”

Petunia had her head low to the bed and was lifting up Gren’s loincloth trying to peek under it. Diana found herself staring at Petunia’s firm little peach of a bottom and her twitching cottontail.

“I think she wants a look at your big cock, Gren,” said Diana.

If the minotaur could have blushed, his furry face would have been bright red, but he did not try to push Petunia away or step back from the bed. Petunia took that as permission to finally lift Gren's loincloth completely and she flipped it up dramatically to reveal the huge, blunt-headed minotaur cock straining above Gren's fat bollocks.

"Ohhhh wow!" exclaimed Petunia. "It's sooo big!"

She wrapped her arms around Gren's cock like she was hugging a friend, squeezing it against her pert breasts and abdomen and rubbing her face against the tip. She showered it with kisses.

Diana seized that opportunity to grab the bunny girl's perky buns with both hands. She admired her blushing pussy and the twitching clench of Petunia's pink pucker. Then she went down on Petunia's ass and shamelessly sent her tongue down the rabbit hole.

"Ooooh! Yes! Mmmm! Lick my bunny butt!" cried Petunia, pushing her ass against Diana's face as her hole clenched against Diana's thrusting tongue.

"Mmmmm," grunted Gren, meeting Diana's gaze as she looked up at him from behind the mounds of Petunia's buttocks with her face buried in Petunia's ass. "I will not refuse this pleasure. How can I... ohhhhhh... Petunia. You have fit the whole tip in your mouth."

"Mmmmmmmhmmm," agreed Petunia, slurping wantonly on Gren's dripping cockhead.

While Diana dined on derriere with her nose stuffed in Petunia's fluffy tail, she thrust one hand between her own legs to strum the magic bud of her clit and sent three fingers of her other hand plunging into Petunia pink pussy. This only drove the bawdy bunny wilder as she loudly sucked and moaned on Gren's huge cock. Petunia rocked her hips eagerly, fucking back against Diana's fingers and tongue while keeping most of her attention on pleasuring minotaur meat.

The drooling bunny girl was soon so overstimulated that she let out a plaintive cry, muffled on Gren's cock, and began to gush juice from her pussy all over Diana's breasts and dripping down her arm. The erstwhile

lady felt the orgasmic contractions squeezing around her fingers and her tongue and this was almost more than she could stand.

Petunia finally popped her lips free of Gren's glistening cockhead and moaned in ecstasy, "Yesssss! Your tongue is so deep in my asssss!"

The clenching bunny girl reached back and grabbed Diana's head, pulling her deeper between her cheeks.

"Nnnnnnhnnnnn!" moaned Diana, slightly humiliated by what was happening, but enjoying her own fingers too much to really care. Besides, Gren seemed to enjoy what he was seeing. He draped one big hand over Petunia and gently took hold of her ears, using them as a handle as he began to slowly thrust in and out of her drooling mouth.

Petunia gurgled happily, tears streaming down her cheeks as Gren throatfucked the bunny girl with his massive cock. She became so intent on Gren and his massive minotaur fuckpole that she let go of Diana's head, allowing Diana to lift her face from the bunny girl's bubble butt and get a breath of fresh air. Diana crawled beside Petunia and knelt next to her, watching Petunia's lips stretch and her throat bulge with each thrust of Gren's cock.

"Ohhhh, she can take it better than me," giggled Diana, duly impressed with Petunia's deepthroat skills.

"Bunny girls take to sex like a fish to water," rumbled Gren with just a hint of strain in his voice as he sawed his huge cock in and out of Petunia's mouth and slapped his fat bollocks against her chin. "They would rather be mating than almost anything else and... mmmmmmmnnnn... they are always in heat."

"Mmmnnnnnnmmnnnmgggrggllg," agreed Petunia, blinking away tears and looking from Diana to Gren.

"Does that throat feel good, my love?" asked Diana, reaching for Gren's cum-laden stones. "Do you want to fill her belly with your seed?"

"Diana... I... would rather... you share my seed," groaned Gren. "I will paint you with it. Ohhhh! It boils in my sack!"

“Yes,” gasped Diana, fingering herself with one hand and stroking Gren’s tightening stones with the other. “Yes, my love! Cum all over us!”

“Mmmmmnnh!” gurgled Petunia, her throat working visibly around Gren’s thrusting cock.

Gren unsheathed his massive beast cock from the eager bunny girl’s slurping mouth with a lewd, wet pop. Long strands of mucus clung to his tip as he drew his cock back from Petunia’s mouth and gripped his wet shaft in one hand.

“Cum for usssss!” gasped Petunia, out of breath and tear streaked.

Gren beat a furious rhythm on his length and snorted loudly from his flaring nostrils. His stones were tight against his root. His pumping hand flinging droplets of precum that splattered against the two women. Petunia and Diana pressed closer together and turned their faces up to him. Petunia opened her mouth and stuck out her pink tongue.

Diana, not to be outdone, cradled her big, soft tits and moaned, “Squirt it all over us, Gren!”

“Wooooorrrrrrrr!” The mighty minotaur’s bellow of pleasure echoed through the cave.

Hot minotaur spunk fountained from Gren’s throbbing cock. It rained down upon Diana and Petunia in thick, oily splashes. It coated Diana’s breasts and showered her face. Beside her, Petunia squealed with delight and caught an overflowing mouthful of Gren’s cum. It trailed down her cheeks and dribbled onto her legs. The moment Gren’s stroking hand slowed, the two women pressed against his cock. Their hands caressed him and their lips and tongues worshipped his huge minotaur flesh.

“Gods of the forest,” groaned Gren, cradling them both against his cum-smeared cock. They licked him clean and then turned on each other, kissing and licking and sharing the thick, salty flavor of minotaur cum. Petunia moaned and licked Diana’s breasts clean. She sucked smears of spunk from Diana’s nipples and chased pearly droplets down to Diana’s thighs with her tongue.

Diana fell back onto the bed, her thighs parted by Petunia who was licking and slurping up little specks of Gren’s cream. That didn’t mean

Petunia was sparing Diana. The bunny girl's naughty tongue lapped its way up Diana's inner thighs and flicked against Diana's clit.

"Ohhhhhh, you bad bunny," cried Diana, cradling Petunia's head between her thighs and looking up at Gren. The big minotaur's attention was elsewhere.

With Petunia's bunny butt up and wiggling, Gren's cock soon returned to full mast. He did not even need to stroke, but Diana could see the snorting lust on the minotaur's face. He wanted to mate with them both.

"He wants to fuck us now," gasped Diana, pushing the bunny girl from between her thighs.

"Oooo, yessss, he can fuck me first," giggled Petunia, twitching her fluffy tail.

"Come here, give me a kiss," said Diana, urging Petunia to crawl atop her. Diana looked up at Gren as she reached around Petunia to cradle the firm peach of the rabbit in heat. "Gren can take his pick. I won't mind."

"Mmmmmmm," agreed Petunia, smothering Diana's lips with a hot, melty kiss and wiggling her butt for attention.

Gren gave it to the bunny girl. He smacked one hand across her cheeks and ran that hand up her flank to stroke her hip. Petunia cried out against Diana's lips. She arched her back and presented her slick pussy to him.

"Pleeease, big boy," she gasped over her shoulder, "fuck my tight little bunny cunny!"

She rocked forward as Gren granted her wish. He thrust deep into her tight cunt and drove Petunia forward, breasts-to-breasts with Diana. The former lady caught her in a tighter embrace, holding Petunia to give Gren more leverage as he slammed his fat bull cock in and out of those gripping pink lips.

Gren made the whole bed shake as his thrusts picked up steam. Diana knew from experience that he was just getting started, but for Petunia it must have been a new world of giant cock pounding into her pussy. She

squeaked and screamed with pleasure. She bit Diana's shoulder to quiet her ecstasy, but it didn't work.

"Fuck her hard, my love," gasped Diana, looking up at her minotaur stud. "Is she tight? Are you stretching out that little bunny girl cunt?"

"Yes, Diana," he snorted. "I will break her with this cock. If she insists."

"I insist," wailed Petunia, managing to lift her ass towards his slamming hips. Taking him deeper. Riding back onto his glistening brown cock. "I'll squeeze oooooo... squeeze out your big load. You'll be making baby bunnies in no time. Ohhhhh! Fuck! I'm cumming again!"

Petunia collapsed atop Diana. The slender bunny girl clung tightly to her busty lover as Gren's pleasure overtook his self-control. The hulking minotaur practically climbed onto the bed and mounted Petunia. Each thrust drove her down into Diana.

And Diana felt a pang of jealousy. Why should she let him breed Petunia? Why would he prefer to spill his seed for the bunny girl?

But such thoughts were misplaced, for a moment later, Gren gave a deafening bellow of pleasure and drew his huge, blunt cock from the stretched depths of Petunia's pink pussy. He rocked back on his heels and then drove forward again.

That thrust stole Diana's breath. She was suddenly no longer jealous because she was stuffed with minotaur cock. It felt like up to her throat, but that was impossible. Gren bellowed and thrust again and this time Diana felt the hot flood of his beastly seed. It pumped and gushed into her cunt. It overflowed her and spurted out around his cock.

And it drove her over the edge. The pleasure of having her womb drenched in cum was like no other pleasure she had ever discovered.

"Oooooooh, I wanted that," moaned Petunia.

The bunny girl ultimately left the cave that night without ever taking a load of Gren's seed in her pussy. Despite that, she had been satisfied with countless orgasms, and left singing a tune to herself.

Something about Petunia Cottontail and the bunny trail. Gren and Diana watched her walking down the forest path from the entrance of the cave.

“Mmmmm, that was a nice surprise,” rumbled the minotaur, sliding a huge arm around Diana.

“I thought you would like it,” replied Diana, leaning into him and finally feeling her guilt about cheating on Gren lifting. “I’m surprised though. You always like to cum inside me.”

“I know better than to cum in a bunny girl,” chuckled the minotaur. “Do that and you’ll end up with ten more bunny girls in a year or two.”

“You know I can get pregnant too,” teased Diana.

Gren rumbled and looked away. He held Diana tightly in his arms but he would not reply to her deepest desire.

6

The Price of Happiness

Diana had been thinking about it for months. She felt guilty that she wasn't completely happy. Her life with Gren in the forest was so idyllic, so perfect compared to what her fate might have been had she ended up marrying her disgusting uncle or being captured by goblins. But something was missing. She didn't need some fancy house or luxury life. Swimming in the stream and sleeping in a well-furnished cave was perfect.

It took her most of a year before it came to her: she wanted to start a family. She had mentioned it to Gren and he had seemed unenthusiastic.

"Children are difficult," he had told her when she pressed him. "And crossbreeds have an especially difficult life."

She wanted to argue with him, to remind Gren that he didn't have loving parents like their children would have. That he grew up in the wild, outcast by humans and without a minotaur family. But she didn't want to fight with Gren. She never did fight with him.

Diana dropped several more hints over the weeks following that first conversation, but Gren either missed them or did not have any desire to talk to her about starting a family. She knew that carrying Gren's children would be difficult, but she loved him and she wanted to bear his sons and daughters. She prayed that each time they made love she might conceive and yet months passed of frequent rutting with her minotaur lover and still she was not pregnant. She even began to wonder if she might be barren. Her hope began to fade.

It was a singing witch who brought that hope back. Astyana Dorvic was slender and young for a witch, with a willowy beauty and flowers threaded in her scarlet hair. She came wearing a cloak of forest colors and carrying a pouch filled with rare herbs and a satchel full of her medicines. She was singing a song in a foreign tongue but with a familiar melody. When Diana heard the song and saw the witch, she called out to her. Astyana came skipping over and introduced herself.

“I don’t remember a pretty girl the last time I passed by Gren’s cave,” mused the witch. “Are you his captive?”

“His lover,” said Diana. “I come and go as I please.”

“Oh! His lover! Well, I have all sorts of tinctures and potions that might interest you, such as—”

Diana interrupted the witch by grabbing her arm and breathlessly asking, “Do you have a fertility potion?”

“Oh, my, yes! I have several! Half-minotaurs are virile lovers but they are often almost infertile, so a powerful potion might be necessary for conception.” The witch looked through her satchel and selected a slender vial of fizzing pink liquid. “This womb blossom philter is more potent than any druid charm or sorceress’ spell.”

“Oooh, how much?” asked Diana, reaching for the potion.

“Ah, ah, ah!” scolded Astyana, holding the vial out of Diana’s reach. “The ingredients are very rare and exotic. I don’t suppose you have a hundred crowns?”

“What? No! I only have a few crowns and silvers.”

“Well then, give me what you have,” said the witch. Then she smiled and curled a finger beneath Diana’s chin. “You can repay the rest of my fee here in the grove.”

Astyana planted a kiss on Diana’s lips that made her hum with surprise. A low, vibrating note that deepened and grew excited as the witch’s deft tongue thrust into Diana’s mouth. Diana’s body answered the willowy young witch, a warmth building in her tummy and her clit and nipples growing stiff and sensitive. She pressed against Astyana, her breasts much larger than the witch’s even though the witch was somewhat taller.

“Anything,” whispered Diana. “I will do anything you desire for a chance to conceive a son or daughter with Gren.”

Astyana laughed and kissed Diana again, her caress growing more passionate as she guided Diana to a sun dappled clearing in the forest. There, in the soft grass, beneath the swaying trees, they undressed and pressed their naked bodies together. Astyana’s lithe figure was covered in

the whorls of occult tattoos. Her lips eagerly sought Diana's heaving breasts. Her tongue circled each nipple before she sucked at Diana's breasts and made the shapely young lady cry out with pleasure.

"Mmmmmm, no wonder Gren keeps you close," moaned the witch. "Your body is a delight."

"Th-thank you," gasped Diana, surprised by the elaborate tattoos and forceful lust of the witch.

Astyana smiled sweetly as she spread Diana's legs wide and knelt astride one thigh. Rising high above the lady, the witch pressed her red-tufted cunt to the soft warmth of Diana's mound and began to grind their cunts together with forceful thrusts of her hips.

"Ahhhh!" cried Diana, groping for the witch's slender hip and small, firm bottom.

The intense, confident thrusts of the witch made Diana feel out of control. She had not expected such a forceful attack from the beautiful young witch. Her pleasure built with each grinding thrust of softness to softness and warmth to warmth. She bit her lip to stifle another wail of pleasure and looked up at the witch's mischievous smile.

"It's alright, my sweet," chuckled the witch. "Cum for me. I will put your tongue to use to my own satisfaction."

The dirty thought pushed Diana over the brink. She bucked her hips and thrust herself against the witch's warm, enticing seam. Their nectar mingled in a slick flow between them as Diana arched hard and thrust her clutching cunt against the witch. Unable to stifle her pleasure and crying out into the sunny forest morning.

Astyana let her ride out her pleasure and then climbed atop Diana's face. The witch's slender legs boxed Diana's head and Astyana pressed the hot, slick furrow of her cunt against Diana's lips.

"Pleasure me now," gasped the witch, threading her long fingers into Diana's silky blonde hair. "Make me cum, my sweet, and you shall have your heart's desire."

Diana's experiences with Petunia the bunny girl had taught her the ways of pleasuring another woman, but Astyana was not so easily driven to ecstasy. The witch moved her hips and pressed her cunt down to smother Diana's face with that hot, raunchy scent. Diana replied with her tongue as best she could. She reached up to cradle the witch's rump as it moved atop Diana's face. Her tongue tasted the sweetness with a hint of sour as she drove deep into those warm folds. She felt the thick bullet of the witch's clit. She licked and sucked it and breathed nothing but the air of her loins.

"You do well," gasped Astyana. "Deeper now. Put your fingers to work. Your tongue, just there! Yessss! Now suck! Suck the bead that rubs your lips! Suckkkkk meee!"

"Mmmmmmm!" replied Diana, bathed in the witch's heat and sucking as hard as she dared on Astyana's sensitive clit.

Astyana's thighs tensed. Her fingers tightened in Diana's hair. The witch arched upright and let out a long, musical curse in a foreign tongue as her sweet nectar poured into Diana's mouth. The slick spill of Astyana's cum coated Diana's cheeks and chin and yet still she licked and sucked to the witch's satisfaction.

At last, Astyana rose from Diana's face and shared a soft kiss with the flushed young lady.

"Well done, Diana, mate of Gren," purred the witch. "I shall leave the potion here beside you. Best of luck with your minotaur."

She giggled as she stood, her body dappled by the patterns of sunlight and leaves as she pulled on her clothes. She placed the vial containing the potion on the grass beside Diana and departed without another word.

The Minotaur's Return

Gren grunted as he shifted the huge sack of wild potatoes off his shoulders and onto the floor of the cave. He rinsed the dirt from his hands

in the basin and smiled at a fresh painting of flowers Diana had made on the wall to decorate their cave.

“Diana?” he called. “My love. I return. I have found more of those purple potatoes you like. A whole field of them not far from the burned windmill.”

“In here, Gren,” came a sweet reply from the bedroom.

Something about Diana’s tone made Gren’s cock twitch in its sheath. The huge half-minotaur walked slowly to the back of the cave and swept aside the pelt curtain that separated the bedroom from the rest of their living area. He stopped short. He had never seen Diana looking so lovely. The beautiful blonde noblewoman was scarcely covered by one of their sleeping furs. The blanket draped her ample curves, but her bare feet and legs stuck out and her shoulders and cleavage were uncovered.

“Oh, my,” chuckled Gren, standing over the cushions of their bedding and gazing down at his beautiful mate. “Do you try to tempt me with your body?”

He slowly knelt beside her and stroked her head with a huge hand. There was an unusual flush to her face. A perfumed scent in the air. Something was different about her.

“I am ready for you, Gren,” whispered Diana, kissing his hand and slowly drawing back the fur. Her plump breasts demanded Gren’s attention. Her pink nipples stiff and her soft flesh seeming engorged.

Gren looked first at her loveliness and then, with a gentle caress, he began to fondle her breasts. His rough thumb stroked her nipples and she sucked in a hot breath. She kicked the fur away from her legs and bared her thighs to him. She spread her legs wider and ran one hand down to her cunt, touching her golden thatch and the glistening pink of her arousal.

“My dear, you have missed me so much?” growled Gren.

“More than you know,” gasped Diana. “Please, Gren. I am ready, at last. Take me. Not just for pleasure. Take me and claim my womb.”

Gren hesitated. He had not wanted to have a child with Diana. Though he loved her truly, the idea of becoming a father scared him. Would

he abandon his son like his father had abandoned him? Would his son be taken from Diana?

Gren pulled back. His cock stiff and rising from his sheath, but his heart beating with fear as he slowly stood from the bed.

“Diana... my love for you is... complete. But I... I cannot... there would be...”

As Gren stammered, Diana’s alluring smile never faded. She rolled over onto her hands and knees and slowly turned around so that her plush, heart-shaped bottom was facing her beloved minotaur mate.

She swung her hips back and forth, wagging slowly and letting him admire the full, luscious curves of her creamy ass. The pink of her pussy and the pink clench between her cheeks. She watched him over her shoulder. His words trailing off entirely and his cock twitching and beginning to ooze precum as he stared at her loveliness.

“Come onnnn, Gren,” she moaned, pressing her face down into the cushions and tilting her hips to present her pussy to him. “I need your huge cock inside me. Breed me, Gren. Plant your seed deep within my womb.”

It was more than just a heightened lust to be fucked full of cum. Gren sensed something different about Diana. Her scent seemed to hang in the air, stronger and more intoxicating than ever before. His nostrils flared and he watched her hips swaying back and forth almost hypnotically. His cock would not be denied. It stood out so straight from his loins that it was pointed slightly upward with his arousal. The tip so sensitive that he thought he might cum if he even touched himself with his hand.

“My love!” snorted the minotaur and he fell upon her with his unrestrained lust. He grabbed hold of Diana’s hips and dropped to his knees on their bed. His cock slid over her buttocks and back again as he drew his hips back and took aim for the glistening patch of her cunt. She spread herself wide with her fingers to entice him.

“Yessssss,” hissed Diana. “Fuck meeeee! Claim meeeee!”

Gren took hold of his thick shaft and guided the blunted tip of his cock to his mate’s slick folds. The heat of her was incredible. She seemed to be burning up with her lust. He thrust forward, sinking his cock into her

inch by careful inch. Opening her yielding cunt to the hardness of his cock until he had driven deep into her clutching channel. He drew back again and this time she pushed back onto his cock, her plush bottom colliding with his furry hips.

“Ohhhhhh, my love,” he groaned, grabbing her slender waist as he began to thrust into the sweet honeypot of her cunt.

“You’re so big,” she cried. It was a common refrain, but never one of caution. She loved his big cock and her squeezing cunt was all the proof he needed. He thrust into her faster, sending her tits swinging and clapping her bottom with his body. His cock prodding her backwalls with each stroke. Her ecstasy building around him.

“I can... can feel it, Gren,” she moaned. “Do it. Do not hold back, my love. Cum inside me. Plant your seed insiiiiide meeeee! AAHHHH!”

She threw back her head with the pleasure of her orgasm and Gren hilted his huge cock inside her tight cunt. He felt the spasms of her ecstasy and it was more than enough to drive him over his own precipice. With an intense rush of pleasure, his orgasm gripped him and his hot seed pumped and spurted into her squeezing channel. Such was his gushing quantity of cum that it spurted out around his cock with each pulse in a great river that not even Diana’s thirsty cunt could ever drink.

His strokes slowed and he eased his cock out of her creamy cunt to roll beside her onto the bed.

“Oh, my love,” she moaned, climbing atop him. “Not yet. We are going to make love all night.”

“Are we?” laughed the minotaur, already feeling her fingers on his shaft. “What has come over you?”

“The witch visited me,” gasped Diana, grinding her creamy cunt against him as she massaged his cock. “She traded me a potion that would increase my fertility. Do you understand, Gren?”

“Yes,” he said, palming her ass with both hands and leaning up to kiss her. His bestial tongue mingled with hers and he thrust against her cunt, eager to resume their rutting. “Yes, my love. You have told me what you

desired. I was... wrong to deny you, Diana. You will make a wonderful mother.”

“And you a wonderful father,” she giggled, kissing him again and slowly impaling her cunt on his hard cock.

This time, she was completely in charge, stroking his muscular chest as she rode atop him. Her large breasts heaving with her ride, promising how they would fill with milk to feed their child. He sat up and held her in his arms, kissing and licking at her bouncing breasts as she rode his cock. Faster and faster. Crying out his name as she finally began to cum.

“Grennnnnn!”

“Diana!” he bellowed, drawn over the edge by her deft hips. Cumming inside her in dwindling spurts. Spending every drop he thought he had, only for her ride to continue. Sloppy and frothy and lewd. Up and down on his cock and not stopping. He fell back onto the bed and her ride continued.

She smiled down at him, flushed with pleasure. A twinkle in her eyes.

Gren smiled back. Though weary, he would not stop until he could not stay awake. Judging by the determined look on Diana’s face, she might not stop even then.